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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST** MAGAZINE



After  
the strike

Friday, December 8, 1972



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NATIONAL PANASONIC

SHIMON Peres seemed neither tired nor worried when we met him over brunch on Tuesday, although he had good reason to be both. As Minister of Communications, he had lost a good deal of sleep during the previous nights negotiating with the striking civil aviation workers and postal technicians. As second-in-command to Moshe Dayan in the ex-Rafi faction of the Labour Party, he must have felt concern when he learned — last Friday from newspapers as he admitted ruefully — that the leaders of ex-Mapa and ex-Ahud Ha'avoda had met secretly in Tel Aviv to discuss the future of the Premiership.

Mr. Peres called the penthouse parley from which ex-Rafi representatives were excluded "a fatal mistake from the point of view of Party unity," even if the subject under discussion was, as the participants maintained, not the succession to the Premiership but the question of early elections. "I have no complaints against the house," he said, "but rather against the Party's Secretary-General. The Prime Minister must also have felt herself in an impossible situation... It seems that we simply are not considered faithful enough."

When we asked Mr. Peres whether he could visualize Party unity being maintained under a Premier other than Mrs. Meir, he said that this would depend on how a successor was elected rather than on who was elected.

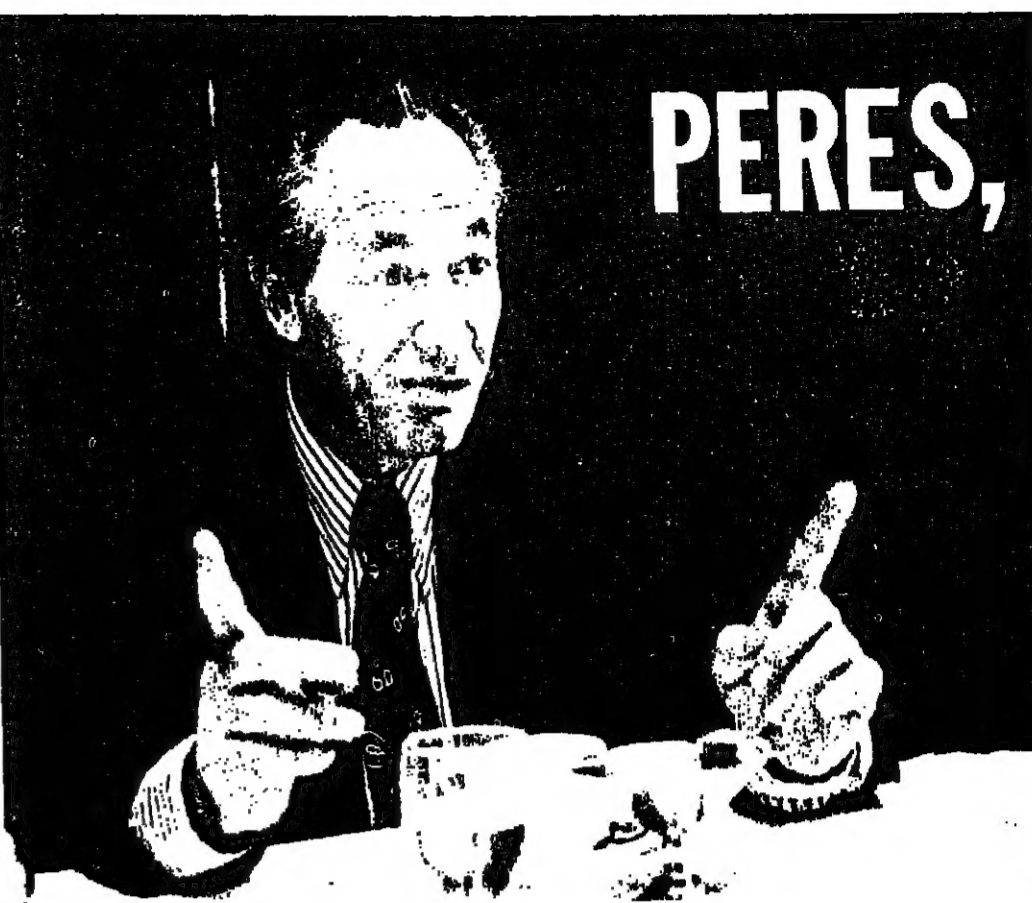
If the election were held properly by the Central Committee, then "Whoever is elected will be accepted, and all the others will stay in the Party and work under him. But if they try and do it in a penthouse, or a kitchen, that's something else entirely."

Mr. Peres' reasoning was based in part on the premise that if someone other than Moshe Dayan were to be elected, that other person would not wish to dispense with Mr. Dayan's services as Minister of Defence. Mr. Dayan, for his part, would only agree to serve if he were promised extensive powers in defence affairs — including "defence relations with the U.S." He added, "but I cannot speak for him. I cannot guarantee what he will do."

Thus, if the relatively dovish Messrs. Sapir and Eban became Prime Minister and Foreign Minister respectively, Mr. Dayan would be prepared to continue at the Defence Ministry, provided he could retain the authority he now has under Mrs. Meir.

Dayan's chances

What were Mr. Dayan's own chances of the Premiership? This again depended on the method of election, said Mr. Peres. Obviously, the larger the electoral forum, the greater the likelihood of Mr. Dayan's becoming Prime Minister. This was certainly so as far as the country at large was concerned and it was true of the Labour Party too. If the entire Central Committee of the Party were to choose the next Premier, then Mr. Dayan was a likely candi-



PERES, POLITICS AND THE POSTS

In an interview this week with members of The Post staff, Minister of Communications Shimon Peres talked about the labour troubles in his two ministries, and political developments concerning the ex-Rafi faction in the Labour Party. DAVID LANDAU reports.

date. If the choice was made by one or two people, it would be a different matter.

There had often been close-run votes in the Central Committee in the past — despite the efforts of the "party machine" to ensure the result in advance. This was especially the case when the issue was one of personalities.

Mr. Peres declared firmly that ex-Rafi members were quite determined not to have a Prime Minister imposed on them. But he was less than communicative about what his faction planned to do if the others nevertheless succeeded in installing their own candidate. What would ex-Rafi do in that case?

The Minister would say "no more, stressing that the whole question seemed to him purely hypothetical, since he himself was one hundred per cent certain that Golda Meir would carry on into the eighth Knesset — and not just through the elections but probably right through the four-year term.

The conversation inevitably turned to the current debate in the Labour Party on the future of the administered areas. Mr. Peres put forward what he described as an argument to end all arguments.

"Can you find me one Arab leader who is prepared to accept even the most conciliatory view point in the Labour Party? There isn't one."

For Mr. Peres, this argument makes all the various peace plans submitted to the Party in the debate just so much wishful thinking. At the same time, it dictates his own stand — which is also Mr. Dayan's position: to

continue developing good relations with the West Bank and West Bank only remained quiet and relatively contented because Israel for its part was studiously leaving open all the options and preserving an air of transience.

Mr. Peres attributed the contentment more to the economic advancement and prosperity. The West Bankers, he said, were sick and tired of war. They had been led into disastrous wars by the Mufti and by Hussein, and now they were saying to the Arab states "When you have beaten Israel — we'll be on your side."

As for Egypt, its President simply could not give up Sharm and survive, while for Israel, continued occupation of the tip of the Sinai Peninsula was its most

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The Histadrut said nothing different from me. (Photos by David Rubinger)

been presenting claims to him in dribs and drabs, by telegram and letter, until they had amassed a total of 80 claims. "And if you don't answer every telegram the moment it arrives, you are immediately accused of delaying tactics."

Ministry's stand

The Ministry's position had been that it would not consider the claims unless they were submitted by the Histadrut, which was in any case negotiating with the technicians over salary rises to be made retroactive to April. The men had not accepted this, and had imposed "sanctions." "When a subscriber's phone broke down and no one came to repair it, he knew at once who was to blame," said the Minister bitterly.

Eventually, on receipt of assurances from Civil Service Union Chief Haim Bernstein that the sanctions would be called off, the Ministry decided to negotiate with the technicians. Only during the negotiations did word come through that the sanctions were still on.

"Bernstein wrote to say he was sorry," Peres told us, "and suggested that we break off the talks. The men themselves, knowing how concerned I am about telephone breakdowns, assumed I would give in quickly. But I didn't do so they struck. I set out four principles upon which Ben-Aharon (the Histadrut Secretary-General) agreed: no negotiating while the strike was on; no pay for strike days; calls to the workers, directly over the workers' committees' heads, to return; and insistence that any settlement must be within the framework of the collective Civil Service pay agreement (negotiated recently by the Histadrut, the Government, and the Civil Service Union). Peres' four points were published in the press on Friday.

"Over the weekend the strikers made overtures for informal contacts, but I refused. On Sunday night Abrahamowitz (Uriel Abrahamowitz—head of the Histadrut's Trade Union Department) phoned me to say that the workers' committee at Haifa wanted to meet him.

Peres had given Abrahamowitz the green light — with the proviso that anything negotiated must be within the terms of the Civil Service agreement and that the men must go back to work before a settlement. "Abrahamowitz phoned me later to report that he was being asked to record the proviso, 'within the framework of the collective agreement,' in a protocol attached to a settlement (Continued on page 3.)

INSIDE

TUTION FEES — Dr. Yehoshua Cohen discusses the Bar-Niv report, and proposes a "rational" alternative to the proposed graded university fees. Page 5.

JUDAISM ON THE ROCKS — A group of Jewish families mix religion with ecology and rock music. Arthur Kemetman reports. Page 7.

THE SECRET MACHINES — Jerusalem Inspector Aharon Moshonovitch tells Avi Oren about his device to remove the husks from grain. Page 8.

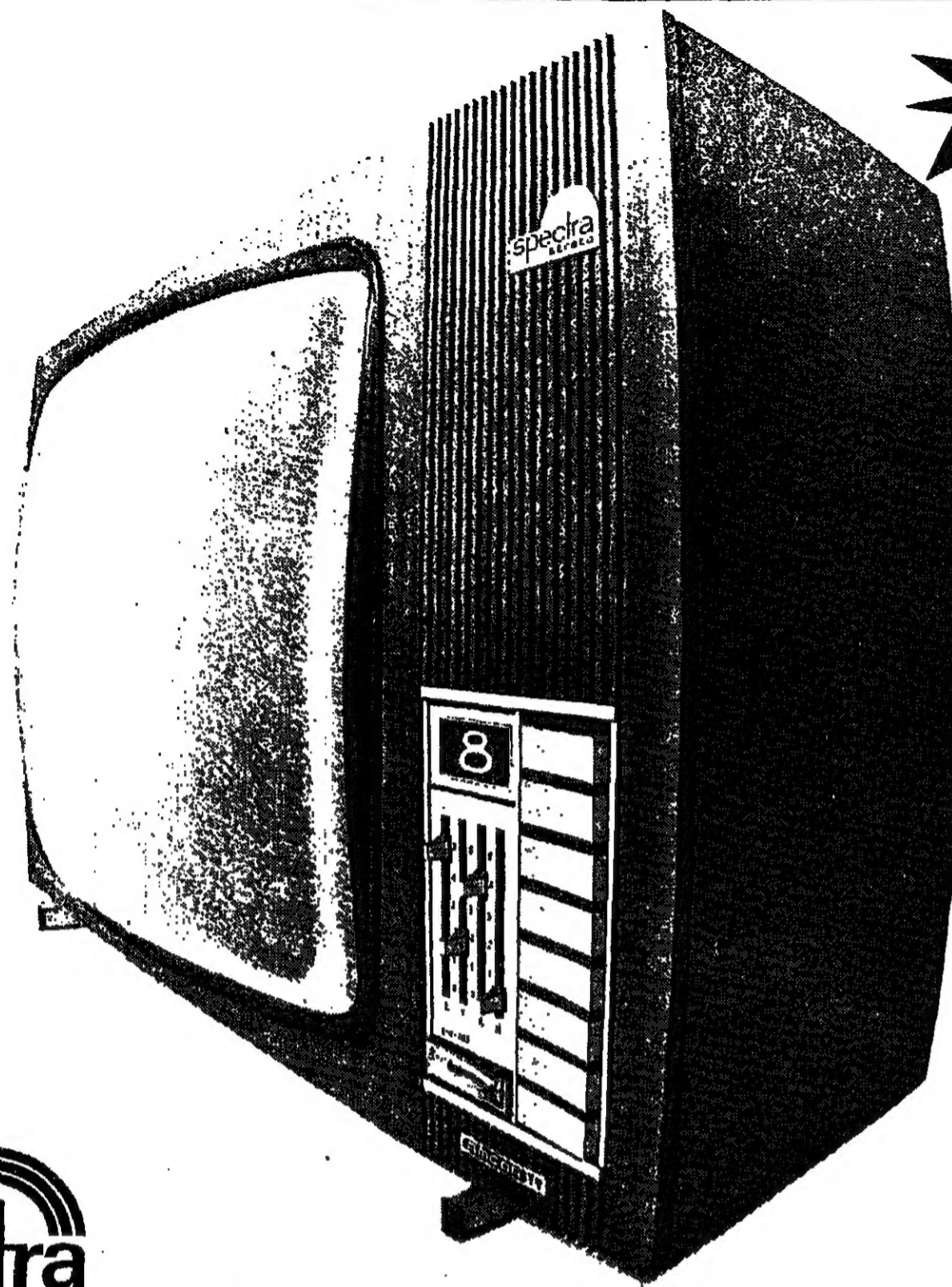
THE QUEEN AND THE YOUNG MILLONAIRES — Avner Tomer has big plans for Eilat's Queen of Sheba hotel, which he recently acquired. By George Leonof. Page 9.

HARMONIAN FORTRESS — Sylvia Mann takes us to some of the structures built by the Macabees and their descendants in the Judean Desert. Page 18.

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ON THE COVER — Telephone technicians, who went back to work this week after a seven-day strike, photographed by David Rubinger.





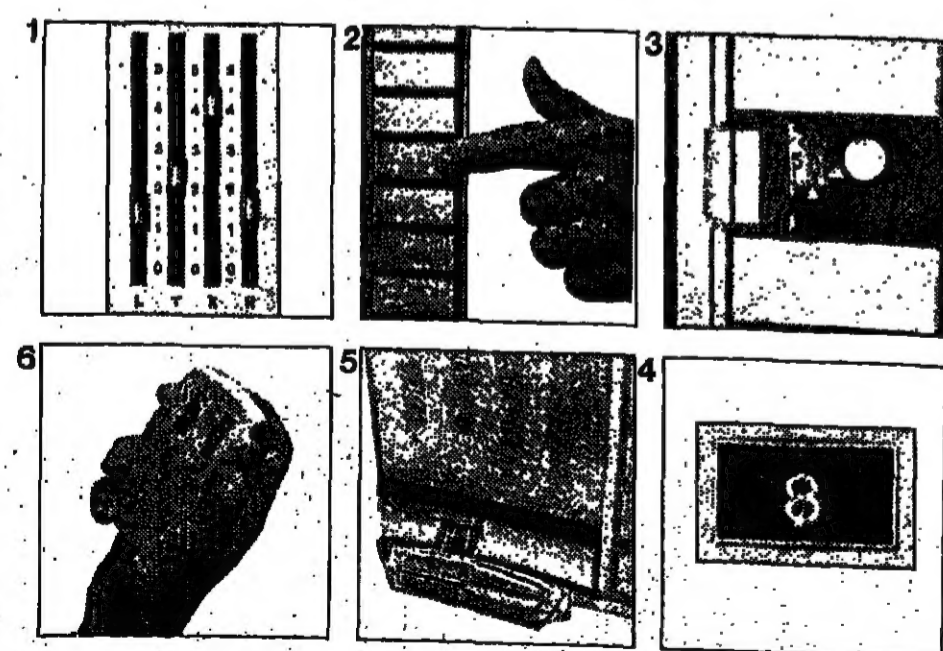
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**Ecology and rock music, the encounter group and the anti-war demonstration all have influenced the religious practices of a group of young American Jews.**

**By Arthur Kemelman**

TWO years ago several young Jewish couples in the Boston suburb of Marblehead who had been turned off by traditional Judaism began to develop their own unique practices. Contrary to custom in this well-templed suburb, the couples don't have a temple, nor do they want one. This year they celebrated Rosh Hashana in a wooded field, Yom Kippur on the rocks of Marblehead overlooking the Atlantic, and Succot in nearby Andover, where one of the group has a 5-acre lot. The celebrations were... well, they were unique.

Rosh Hashana: Two members of the group, George and Ruth, with their two children and a black poodle, Polly, pick me up in the family station wagon. After several wrong turns, we finally arrive at Steer Swamp. My hosts inform me that the swamp, in reality fairly dry fields, has been recently set aside as conservation land, i.e., it is town property and can't be touched by the developers. While we thread our way through the brush, George and Ruth point to various plants and proudly list their food properties. It's as if the plants are prominent members of the congregation who can be counted on for a good donation: huckleberries for jam, sumac buds for lemonade and cat o' nine tails for corn.

As I become better acquainted with other members of the group, I discover that they are all very keen on ecology. A frequent topic of conversation is the necessity of action in the face of a remorseless technology that threatens the environment. Their grandfathers probably talked of Cossacks in the same tone of voice as the members of the group talk of polluters. A recent victory by the ecology-minded in Marblehead resulted in a new order of kashrut — all householders must separate cans and bottles from the regular trash. On certain days of the week, the cans and bottles are picked up and sent for recycling. Guided by arrows formed from twigs, and with Polly sniffing the path for possible leads, we eventually come to the site where the group is meeting. In the middle of a clearing, sitting on a rock outcrop, is the congregation — 14 adults in their early thirties, all casually dressed in jeans. About 15 children, ages three to nine, lie around like scatter rugs.

I find a rock whose contours look as if they might match mine and sit down. I'm debating whether I'll offend anyone if I light a cigarette when somebody, a geologist evidently, begins to talk about the rocks we're sitting on. They are igneous and millions of years old. The speaker, it later turns out, is not a geologist doing his thing but a professor of economics at Brandeis University.

When he finishes, there is a thoughtful, devotional silence, a few husky "wows." Soon, another member, a psychiatrist, begins to talk about the notions of creation held by Indian tribes in South America.

**Modern hazanut**

Between the different portions of the service, such as Rocks and Indians, a cassette tape recorder croons modern hazanut: "One More Time to Live," by the Moody Blues; "Bridge Over Troubled Water" by Simon and Garfunkel; "Changes" by Phil Spector. The singers, unlike some cantors, are all in good voice.

When Tom Rush has warbled the last note of "Mother Earth" the recorder is switched off and prayers are read in English. The members call upon God to give them the strength to fight pollu-

tion, crime in the streets, rats in the slums, bombing in Vietnam and just about any other contemporary problem you might think of. The prayers are non-partisan and no one openly prays for Nixon's defeat and victory for McGovern.

Neither the folksongs nor the prayers can hold the children down. They leave the laps of their parents to play hide-and-seek in the brush and woods surrounding the outcrop. To shut them up, one of the mothers hands out apple slices dipped in honey. This is a mistake. When the kids are called back to listen to the blowing of the shofar, their clothes and hands are covered with honey. To ward off disaster — bees are beginning to buzz around — a mother closes the jar and orders the children to clean themselves up.

which threatened the group for a short time was the desire of two members to turn it into an encounter session. The other members were furious. Outside of group meetings once a month and the celebration of Jewish holidays the members have little to do with each other socially. Except for the two who wanted the encounter session, there was no desire to expose themselves to each other, and the group remained essentially religiously oriented.

Yom Kippur promised to be a quasi-encounter session: hence the low attendance. There was another reason as well. Since there would be no specifically Jewish activities, there was no point in bringing the children. This entailed finding a babysitter. Never an easy task at the best of time, it would be nigh impossible on Yom Kippur.

black, the war in Vietnam, etc. Translating their care into action they are all politically and socially active in the community and engage in work with organizations and political figures that will further the ends they advocate.

The members of the group may disclaim membership in the middle class, but the nap on their wall-to-wall carpeting is no less thick than that of those they attack. Professionals to a man — lawyers, doctors, teachers, bankers — they own their own houses and in some cases two cars. Neither parents nor children lack for anything. Still, materialism can be tempered limits can be just grievances of the Palestinian group, the limit is the million dollar temple and the congregation's concern with the mortgage on it, and not much else.

wine and bread, the lulav and etrog. In leading the prayers, the rabbi turns to the east. He explains to the children that he does this because the sun rises there. No one questions him, but my Israeli wife is irritated. She whispers to me that we could just as easily turn to the west, since the sun sets there.

Fuel is added to the fire when she reads the sermon the rabbi distributes to us. It is the one he delivered on Yom Kippur to the small congregation he leads, which has no connection with the group. The sermon deplores and strongly condemns the Munich massacre, but finds the use of such tactics not surprising. The just grievances of the Palestinians have been ignored by men of good will and violence is their only alternative. Nor should we be surprised if the villagers of Bir'im and Irtit resort to such methods as their rights are ignored. My wife has no patience for this metaphysical half-splittling, which ultimately finds all of us responsible for the murders at Munich. We soon leave.

**JUDAISM ON THE ROCKS**



After the children have licked themselves clean, a cake is brought to the centre of the clearing. It's covered with gobs of chocolate frosting. Rosh Hashana is the birthday of the world, and this cake is in honour of the world. Five candles on it represent the five millennia the world has so far seen. The candles are lit and the wind is allowed to blow them out. After we sing happy birthday dear world, we eat a bit of cake and drink a glass of wine. Prayers are said over each year old. The speaker, it later turns out, is not a geologist doing his thing but a professor of economics at Brandeis University.

After a few minutes of polite conversation, four of the six members wander off with their pads of paper to meditate. I talk about why they belong to the group. There are the kids, naturally. They come home from school and want to celebrate Christmas. And if they can't, the kids who want answers. The parents want them as well. The kids act as a catalyst for their parents' dislike of their own ambiguous position. On the other hand they are Jews, yet, on the other, they can't bring themselves to participate in any of the activities, secular or religious, sponsored by the temples.

Those members who had gone off to meditate return. For a few minutes I talk about Reconstructionism, which no one has heard of, and then one fellow expresses a desire to read what he has written. He describes how he has grown as a Jew in the past year. Prior to his participation in the group's activities, he had regarded Saturday as just another day. Within the past few months, though, he has come to feel that the day is special. He now refuses to work on the Sabbath. Somewhat self-consciously, he reads the last sentence of his paper: "I am a Jew." When he finishes there is a silence. No one seems to know what to say. Someone finally mentions that it's one o'clock and her babysitter is waiting. The babysitters of the other couples are also waiting and we break up.

**Group's history**

The Jewish history of the Marblehead area reads like the Book of Leviticus: dissidents from Temple Beth El (conservative); Temple Israel (conservative); Temple Israel begat Temple Sinai; Temple Israel begat Temple Emmanuel (reform). To join a temple is to become part of the middle-class Jewish establishment, whose chief concern seems to be the building of bigger and more elaborate temples — halls, really, that are only filled on the High Holidays.

Those within the group reject the notion that they are middle-class. And contrary to their counterparts in the temple, they care — about ecology, the poor, the

FOR the majority of the group, Israel is not the focus of any special concern. For those who do care, Israel makes them uneasy. The association with Nixon, the refugee question, the attacks in southern Lebanon — all run contrary to the stream in which the members are moving. And yet they are Jews and try to sympathize as best they can with Israel. The situation is an uncomfortable one and Israel's propagandists don't make it any more comfortable. One member of the group told me how speakers at a rally for Soviet Jewry linked efforts for those Jews with complete approval of Israel's policies. It was a conjunction that the member disliked. Another member dislikes being called upon to buy bonds for the Jewish homeland. She will give as a Jew to other Jews, to Israel because there is a large concentration of Jews there, may be a place for Jews to go if they wish, but her homeland is America.

**A long way**

Two years ago the members of the group were Jews in name only. Two of them had even been Unitarians at one time. Since then, the members have come a long way. Besides coming together for the celebration of the Jewish holidays, they meet once a month in the form of a study or discussion group. On a personal level, some observe the Sabbath, while others limit themselves to lighting the candles. The chief guideline is for each person to do what he feels most comfortable doing. Dogma of any sort is anathema.

Many people in the Marblehead area join a temple in order to send their children to the temple's Hebrew school. The members of the group, however, have no wish to send their children to these schools. They themselves had gone and had found the experience painful, dull, and, to use a word that one hears so frequently nowadays, irrelevant. It is not an experience they wish to impose on their children. Instead, their children meet once a week to learn Bible stories — even though some of those manifest a deplorable degree of violence — and to study Hebrew. The latter activity is being carried out in true American fashion. Each child has been equipped with a tape recorder with tapes in Hebrew and English. The children are serving as a pilot group — for a Japanese manufacturer of educational instruments interested in breaking into the American market.





# FROM THE BLACK GHETTOS



James Baldwin.

CULTURAL nationalism and the polemics surrounding it always threaten to divide the black liberation movement. "Black Poets and Prophets" starts the dialogue that "New Black Voices" complements. Both of them are an invitation to explore the dynamics and diversification of the new currents in black writing and thinking, black culture, which cannot be done by one or two books alone.

Theory, practice and aesthetics — there are a myriad of paths to revolution. Earl Anthony warns in his introduction to "Black Poets and Prophets" that "if we attempt to react to construct a cultural nationalism that reacts to detrimental points of our survival culture (like shooting dope), which have become entrenched because of our oppression-exploitation we begin to defeat our own purposes." There follow intriguing, if difficult, essays. They are difficult not only in purpose. I have a suspicion that they were really meant, if not exclusively, mainly for the eyes of black brothers. They delve into psychology and history, definitions and aesthetics. They include contributions by some of the same people who were blindly raging a few years ago — their rage, at least in this volume, has found a somewhat intellectual combustion.

For instance, there are Franz Fanon on "Racism and Culture," Stokely Carmichael on "The Highest Political Expression of Black Power is Pan-Africanism," Eldridge Cleaver on "The Land Question and Black Liberation," and Sekou Toure on "A Dialectical Approach to Culture." Cleaver explores the flaw in the approach of white liberals, radicals and black bourgeois in the concept of the American melting-pot, which completely ignores the distinction and contradiction between the white mother country and the black colony. He uses Malcolm X's land theory and the situation of the Jews at the time of Harai as one of his parallels for the situation of the black people in America and argues that functionally a return to Israel seemed as impractical as obtaining a homeland for Afro-Americans now seems.

James Forman also expounds on the example of the Jews in America who have been active-

**NEW BLACK VOICES**, An anthology of contemporary Afro-American literature, edited by Abraham Chapman, New American Library, 1972, \$1.50, New American Library, A Mentor Book, 606 pp.

**BLACK POETS AND PROPHETS**, The Theory, Practice and Aesthetics of the Pan-African Revolution, edited by Woodie King and Earl Anthony, 1972, \$1.50, New American Library, A Mentor Book, 188 pp.

Reviewed by Joan Hooper

ly concerned with the growth of the State of Israel, "but we (an African people) are not concerned actively about the plight of our brothers in Africa." In his "Black Manifesto," Forman calls for reparations from the total white community in the U.S. to the tune of \$15 a head, giving a grand total of \$300m. to be spent on land, a black printing industry, advanced scientific and futuristic audio-visual networks, research centres, training centres, a National Welfare Rights Organization, a National Black Labour Strike and Defence Fund, a United Black Appeal, and universities. (This programme was actually presented and adopted by The National Black Economic Development Conference in Detroit in 1969.)

**The slaves**

G.L.R. James explores "The Atlantic Slave Trade and Slavery." He notes that every people, every race, has passed through a state of slavery. Interestingly, the abolition of serfdom in Russia and of slavery in the U.S. occurred almost simultaneously. Oberlin College accepted blacks and whites for the first time anywhere in the U.S. It seems to be useful to any people, once suffering has more or less come to an end, to put it into a historical framework and get on with the business at hand.

Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) diagrams "A Black Value System": Unity, self-determination, collective work and responsibility, cooperative economics, purpose, creativity and faith. Self-determination, for instance, "to define ourselves, name ourselves, and speak for ourselves, instead of being defined and spoken for by others."

Larry Neal in "Any Day Now: Black Art and Black Liberation" speaks of culture: "...a cultureless revolution is a hollow tip. It means that in the process of making the revolution we lose ourselves. He means the destruction of the 'white thing,' the destruction of the white ways of looking at the world.

**Killing Malcolm**

I killed you Malcolm the first time I got locked inside my shit yellow complexion and laughed at all my black brothers who walked through life with glassy do's and morphine eyes.

James A. Emanuel: "White Baby" WhatOHU care what I feel when I think I'll pull down the shades/on my mind turn my back t yr hand pufcha outa my room digza outa my life?

Tom Weatherly: "mad water shango" lightning in my eyes mama thunder in your soul

**Dig this art**

"When artists like LeRoi Jones (...etc.) assert that Black Art must speak to the lives and the psychic survival of Black People, they are not speaking of 'protest' art. They are not speaking of an art that screams and masturbates before white audiences. Instead, they are speaking of an art that speaks to us in terms of our feelings and ideas about the world; an art that validates the positive aspects of our life style. Dig: An art that opens us up to that beauty and ugliness within us."

"New Black Voices" does that. It is divided into fiction, poetry, criticism, and documents (statements of purpose of the Organisation of Afro-American Unity, Institute of the Black World, and the Black Academy of Arts and Letters). It is the companion volume to "Black Voices" (of an earlier decade) and reflects the latest stages of the exciting development of black self-expression and self-definition in literature and criticism. Like any anthology, it is a conglomeration of heterogeneous forms, amalgamated in blackness. It is a diversity of black sensibilities, modes of expression and independent thinking, as part of the conscious battle against the myth of the black monolith, and the racist tendencies to squeeze a great spectrum of black humanity

theres lightning in my eyes mama thunder in your soul I'm a river hip daddy mama dig a muddy hole.

Val Ferdinand talks about the aims of Bikarouth which started as a community writing and acting workshop, a black cultural organization, in 1968 in New Orleans. Eight of its poets are included in the anthology, and Ferdinand, its director, says, in the criticism section, that what they are doing is new, constantly moving, tapping a spoken verbal art that runs deep. They are intent on publishing at least one piece of any writer (black writer) who is interested in writing. The future will decide what is of quality.

James Baldwin tells "Why I left America" and Eldridge Cleaver reviews the book, "The Wretched of the Earth" by Franz Fanon, Mattiana Ron Karanga writes about "Black Art: Mute Matter Given Force and Foundation." Johnetta B. Cole writes in "Culture: Negro, Black and Nigger," about soul. Soul is long suffering, soul is deep emotion, soul is the ability to feel oneness with all black people. "Soul then is the theme in black America which minimizes differences in class and political consciousness among Afro-Americans, for it is oneness."

These are an invitation to explore further the depths, tensions and polarities of black expression. New levels of sophistication and commitment can only be reached through investigation by discussion. This revolution has every reason to remain alive and fertile.

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**BRITONS SHALL BE FREE**

**RULE BRITANNIA**, a Novel by Daphne du Maurier. London: Victor Gollancz, pp. 318, £1.80.

Reviewed by Dora Sowden

YOU'VE got to hand it to Daphne du Maurier. She's as smart as they come. Having 21 novels about the past and present to her credit, she has tackled the future in her twenty-second book.

She is clever enough not to go so far into the future as to leave us behind. The time of her novel is a few years ahead — not far enough, that is, for her to have to go profoundly into politics, history, social changes or other such difficult details. Yet inevitably, as she is dabbling in what is to come, she must turn prophetic — or fortune teller.

So we find that Britain has pulled out of Europe and the E.E.C. (We're not told what has happened in Ireland). This has left the country so bankrupt that the British Government (we are not told who the Prime Minister is) has had to make a pact with the U.S.A. (no President named). It all spells itself out as a takeover.

Resistant to the idea that Britain should become a mere playground for American tourists are the Cornishmen, and particularly one family settled in Cornwall. Being too shrewd to keep the story floating on generalities, the author centres it on an aged actress who has six adopted sons and a granddaughter called Emma.

Daphne du Maurier is gifted enough never to write a dull page, but never achieves a great one, — here anyway.

# Old City Yeshiva's thoughts

**By ZVI BILLET**

**YESHIVOT** of advanced Tora study throughout the world publish every year a series of articles written by students and teachers, which deal with the material covered during the year. Such an undertaking has many aims. First, the students are challenged to think, explore, and discover new approaches and solutions to the difficult but always fascinating problems posed by various portions of the Talmud and its commentaries. Secondly, the teachers have an opportunity to express some of their own thoughts on a variety of topics, and to share them with students of other institutions. Finally, these publications link the efforts of the worldwide Yeshiva movement and serve as a reminder that the Tora is a rich and eternal document.

In accordance with this tradition, Yeshivat Hakotel has published four volumes of its appropriately named bi-annual Tora Journal, "Kotlenu." However, there are several features in "Kotlenu" which make it different, indeed unique among other journals of its type. It is the first Tora publication to be given out by a Yeshiva in the Old City since its redemption in 1967. Thus, it truly fulfills the prophetic vision of the head of the Yeshivot Bnei Akiva: "Tora shall come out of Zion." It also has many features in addition to the usual discussion of Talmudic problems. There are essays on the "Tanach," on modern Halachic questions, on Jewish thought, and on the central role played by Jerusalem in the Bible and in the religious life of the Jewish people.

**Many themes**

A few examples of the broad range of subject matter covered by the 72 essays which appear in the four "Kotlenu" journals are in place. In the realm of Talmudic exploration one finds an article about "Shmitat Kenaphim" by Aryeh Friedman in the first volume. More explicitly, this article surveys the question of the permissibility of attaching to a particular act a condition that will lead to the violation of the Tora. Since, according to the Tora, debts are to be cancelled in the Shmita year, a problem arises when one gives a loan on the condition that the debt not be cancelled in that year.

In the second volume, one finds articles by prominent Rabbinic leaders. Rav Aryeh Binah, founder of Yeshivat Hakotel, probes the Talmudic problem of milking cows on the Sabbath. Rav Moshe Zvi Neria, of the head of the Yeshivot Bnei Akiva movement and member of the Knesset, writes on the Pascal Lamb. The role of women in the miracles of Passover, Purim, and Hanukka is also explored. Volume four contains articles which discuss many Talmudic problems in the area of marriage. Rabbinic power in this area is analyzed by students Yechezkel Cohen and Eliezer Shachori.

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ed and concise articles by Yehoshua Katz, a member of the Kollel (the advanced institute for Tora study). In that same issue, volume two, David Farjon surveys the problem of entry into the Temple Mount in our day.

Yeshiva Hakotel's logistic position in the Old City is reflected in several articles concerning Jerusalem. In volume one, Rav Yeshayahu Hadari discusses the appellation MOUNT AS IT APPEARS IN SEVERAL PLACES IN THE BIBLE. In volume two, an essay of his concerns itself with a description of Jerusalem based on verses in Psalms. Ben Zion Krieger, a member of the Kollel, reflects on the capture of Jerusalem from a philosophical, historical and Halachic perspective.

To the realm of Jewish thought one finds an article by Tuvia Rosenzweig on the absolutes, "Truth" and "Falseness." Zvi Shayovitz com-

**Tea on Sabbath**

Modern Halachic problems are also prominent in "Kotlenu." The problem of making tea on the Sabbath in such a manner as to avoid violating the prohibition of cooking is presented in a thorough, organized and concise article by Yehoshua Katz, a member of the Kollel (the advanced institute for Tora study). In that same issue, volume two, David Farjon surveys the problem of entry into the Temple Mount in our day.

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**I LOVE soup.**

Admittedly, this gastronomic predilection is only marginally significant in so far as the shaping of modern society is concerned. On the other hand, it should not be made light of on the personal plane. Mankind is split nowadays into two rival camps: those who eat soup before the main course and those who willfully skip it. There also exists a Third Power: those for whom soup is the main course. This soup belongs to this small but fantastic caste. For him, a noble consommé, complete with golden rings of fat, is sheer poetry, and a hefty matza ball is an inspirational object. "Whoever loves soup cannot be a cad," someone said, a man called Campbell, if I'm not mistaken.

However, there's a snag: soup is hot. Soup is always too hot.

This is the conclusion reached after a lifetime of experience and hard-earned wisdom. We have yet to encounter - in restaurants, private homes or other soup-dispensing establishments - any kind of potage which does not cause foot-and-mouth scalding. This causes us great mental anguish, because the soup is there, it lies bodily in front of our nose, its fragrance sends tremors of delight quivering through our frame, our stomach juices react with morbid lust, but we cannot touch it because it is as hot as hell-fire.

We came up against this painful problem for the first time at the age of three. It was a fiery tomato soup which blistered our lips. Mother then introduced us to the ancient ceremonial in which a draught is created across the spoon which is then used to stir the liquid. Ever since, I stir some times for so long that my right hand withers. Once, in the city of Kiskunfalagyháza, in memory serves me, my fabulous goulash soup was turned by the stirring into a solid mass and the spoon became embedded in it with no possibility of extraction. These are childhood memories. Because of this, I was a nervous and introverted child. All my life I have longed for a little coolth. I used to look at the wide world with my big eyes and ask: "Why?"

I don't think there is an answer to that question even today.



People have become as used to volcanic soup as they have to the *sharav* and Sapir, and they keep stirring it absentmindedly, as if they were saying: what else do we do? Very sad. At a conservative estimate, the average man spends about a year of his life cooling soups, a loss of millions of man-hours to the national economy - and at such a time Almozi has to be abroad?

It happened only once - I'll never forget it! - that at a small Italian restaurant they served me a *minestrone* which could be eaten on the spot. Either it just was not too hot, or else the shredded *parmigiano* had cooled it miraculously. I don't know and don't care. Anyway, I had two spoonfuls of it and then the *maitre d'* jumped on me and snatched the plate away.

"They forgot to warm it in the kitchen," he said. I fought a desperate rear-guard action against him, but he subdued me with a few well-aimed chops. When he brought the soup back I couldn't see his face through the steam. The plate burned to a cinder on the plain deal table.

It's the same at home. If a fly wings over my wife's soup, it plummets into it like a stone, suffering the fate of the Greek Icarus when he got too near the sun. I frequently feel the heat of the mushroom soup on my calves through the table, it having reached radioactive proportions.

According to elementary physics, water boils at 100 degrees Centigrade but the little one's potato soup easily rises to 140-150 in the shade. Should the kind reader ever spot people walking around with swollen lips or cantilevered mouths, he may safely bet that they have recently been guests at our table. Once, an uncle on my father's side spilled some of our soup on his chest. The doctors fought for his life together for hours on end and a whole week. In the end, he just made it. Asparagus, it was. I implore the little woman on my knees: "For goodness' sake, why make it so hot?"

"Don't know," she replies and gazes into the distance. "Soup's got to be hot. Stir..."

There is here some terrible secret that no one wants to reveal to me. I visualize prehistoric man rubbing two wooden sticks together for hours on end and thus discovering fire. He groans,

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**Elevating the carob**

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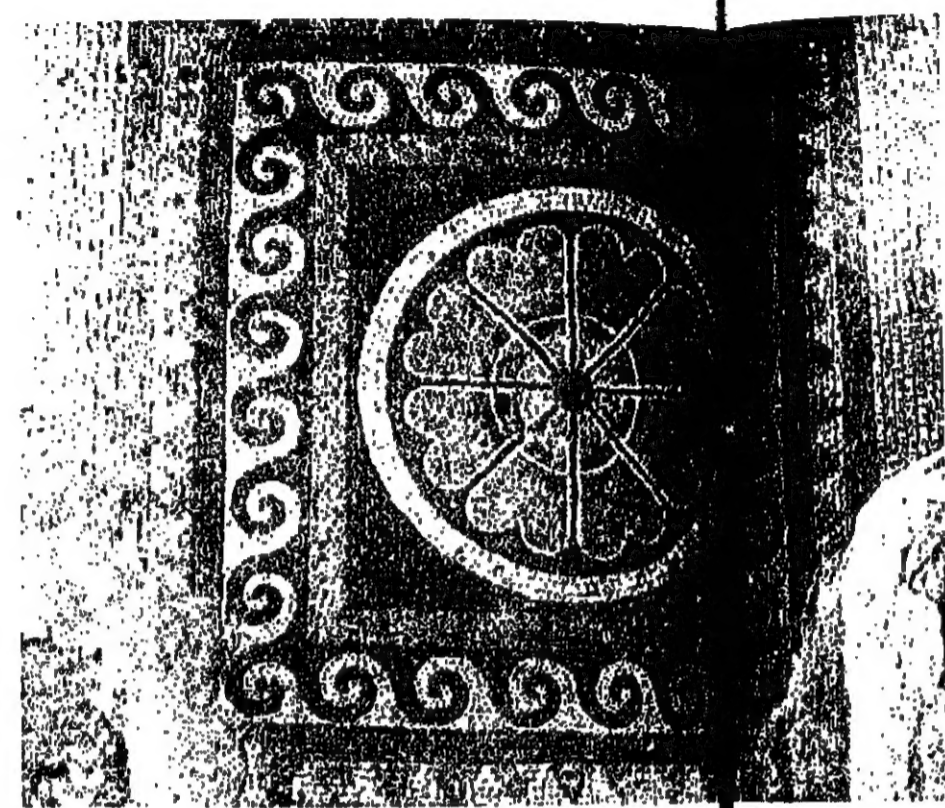
ing evidence that *nekhot* is one of those rare and precious spices which were so eagerly sought after and treasured in Israel, two of the outstanding authorities of the early Middle Ages, the profound Bible and Talmud scholar, Sa'adia Gaon, and the greatest of all early Hebrew grammarians, Jonah ibn Janah, both maintain that *nekhot*, far from being a rare and precious spice, is none other than the lowliest of all Israel fruit, the carob, otherwise known as the locust or St. John's bread.

Prof. J. Feliks, the distinguished Biblical and Talmudic botanist, who draws attention to this fact, suggests that the underlying reason for this strange attribution may be the desire to include this tree, which is otherwise not explicitly referred to in the Bible, among the Biblical flora. For one thing it is clear: that the tree is indigenous to the Land of Israel; and from being the most disregarded of fruits, the carob is thus elevated to food fit for a king!

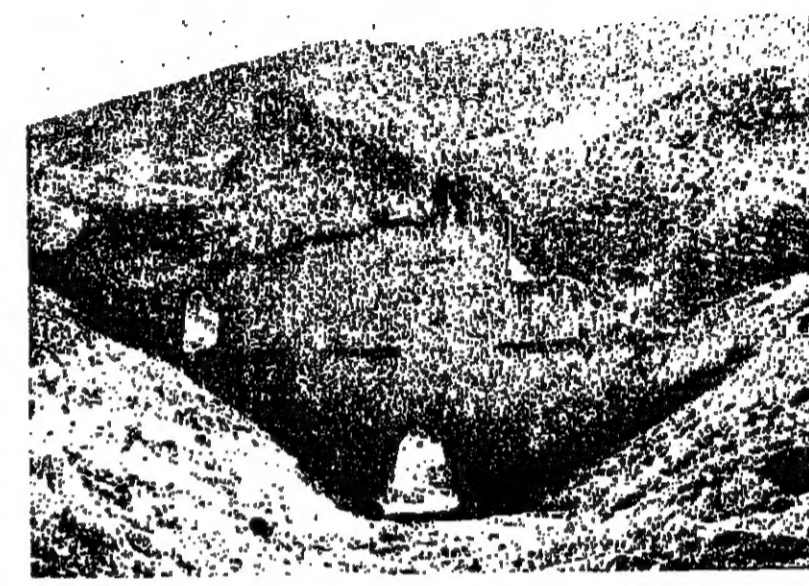
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# The Hasmonean fortresses



Photos, top row left to right: Masada, which was first fortified by Jonathan, Judah the Maccabee's brother; bath house of Herodian Masada; aqueduct bridging Wadi Kelt, near where the Hasmoneans built the twin towers of Threx and Taurus; Herodion, another Hasmonean fortress restored by Herod. At lower left is Herodian mosaic at Masada.



A CHAIN of hill-top fortresses protected the eastern border of the Hasmonean kingdom. Planned to guard against incursion by the neighbouring Nabateans, they were not only citadels but royal palaces, and sometimes even prisons for people near the throne who had not conformed to the wishes of the ruling power.

Extending northward from Masada near Ein Gedi, they included Machaerus (or Machavar) east of the Dead Sea and Hyrcania just south of Qumran; Cypros overlooking Jericho; Threx and Taurus on either side of the outlet of Wadi Kelt; Duk or Docus above the springs of Duk and Nuelma, and towering Alexandrion on Mount Sartaba between Judea and Samaria. Always located on the very summit of a hill, always with ingenious arrangements for the collection and storage of water, these bastions were practically all rebuilt on a magnificent scale by Herod the Great in the first century B.C.E.

MASADA, with its characteristic boat-shaped silhouette, was the southernmost of the series of fortified mountains. According to the historian, Josephus Flavius, it was originally built in the second century B.C.E. by Jonathan the High Priest, brother of Judah the Maccabee. Nothing remains, but as water was a precious commodity at that time, too, it is possible that the system of dams and cisterns perfected by Herod may have had its beginnings during the Hasmonean era. Filled by flash floods which, in the short, stormy Negev winter, surge through the normally dry wadis, the double row of vast cisterns had a capacity, in Herod's day, of close to 140,000 cubic metres.

Excavations revealed mainly relics of the Herodian period — the hanging palace on the north curve, with mosaics and painted frescoes; the western palace; the synagogue, and the elaborate bath-house. Less impressive but infinitely more touching were the remnants of everyday life of Masada's last days — the cooking pots; the stoves; the cosmetic jars and simple jewellery, the coins and

scraps of prayer-inscribed parchment. The epic of the defenders of Masada has become a classic tale of heroism known the world over. After the fall of Jerusalem in 70 C.E., a group of 960 Zealots, under the leadership of Eleazer ben Yair, entrenched themselves in this lonely spot for three long years, and when the Romans were on the point of taking the stronghold, they committed mass suicide rather than submit. Nowadays, the 18-year-old recruits to Israel's Armoured Corps swear their oath of allegiance on the mountain, vowing that "Masada shall not fall again!" \* \* \*

MACHAERUS, at the edge of the Arnon River gorge, was a boundary-point of the Hasmonean and Herodian empires. Sometimes called "the watchtower against Arabia," it was erected by the Hasmonean king, Alexander Yanai, in the first century B.C.E. Together with its surrounding villages, it was an important area of contact with the Nabatean people — sometimes for trade and peaceful pursuits, sometimes for military action. During Second Temple times it was one of the beacon hills, which received the signal indicating the appearance of the new moon from the Temple in Jerusalem and passed it on to the Jewish communities in the country and in the Diaspora.

Herod built a beautiful palace there, too, and encircled the summit with high buttressed walls. He laid in huge stores of food and armaments, expanded the water supply system, and added living quarters part-way up the hill. The present Jordanian village of Makaur stands on the site.

A sad story tells how the spirited Nabatean princess, daughter of King Aretas IV and wife of Herod Antipas, Herod's son by the Samaritan Malthace, fled to Machaerus when she heard of her husband's infidelity. From there she rode on horseback to her father's capital at Petra, and he quickly gathered troops to avenge the insult to his favourite child. Machaerus is better known as



the place where the same Herod Antipas imprisoned John the Baptist for treason. John had publicly denounced Antipas' second marriage to his mistress Herodias, who was also his niece and his brother's divorced wife, making the wedding illegal by Jewish law. Tradition tells how, at a banquet in the palace at Machaerus, Herodias' daughter Salome danced the dance of the seven veils and, as a reward, Antipas promised to grant any of her requests. She asked for the head of John, who had spoken against her mother, and the gospel of Mark adds, "The king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, he would not reject her." John's head was brought to her on a charger.

HYRCANIA, now known as Khirbat Mir, west of the Dead Sea, was probably fortified by John Hyrcanus I. He and his successors used it as the district administrative headquarters and prison — a place, according to legend, exuding an atmosphere of evil, where unwanted people tended to disappear without a trace. Herod reconstructed it for the very same purpose, and among those known to have met their death there was a Hasmonean princess who was executed in 33 B.C.E. for stirring up rebellion against Herod. Antipater, Herod's son by his first wife, Doris the Edomite, whom Herod murdered five days before his own death, was also buried on Hyrcania.

On either side of the mouth of the spring-rich Wadi Kelt the Hasmoneans built two towers — Threx and Taurus, named by the Roman general Pompey, in 63 B.C.E., their exact location is in doubt, although there is a theory that one of the towers may have been the tower resorted to by Herod for Cypros, his mother, Stewart Perowne in "Life and Times of Herod" mentions that Taurus had only one storage cistern, indeed, the conduits drew water from the fountains of Wadi Kelt to Cypros have been traced by archaeologist Ze'ev Herzl of Tel Aviv University. It is still to be seen today.

Herod's castle on Mount Sartaba stood in a protected spot above the Jordan valley, and in a shadow behind his luxurious winter palace with towers, terraced walkways and pools fed by the Jordan. Josephus relates that the handsome young Aristobulus, son of Mariamne, Herod's first wife and queen, and his eldest son, was killed in the very palace. Herod died there, and it is little doubt that Aristobulus, feared by the people, was eliminated on the spot.

SOME seven miles north of Cypros is the earliest of the fortresses, built on the Mount of Jesus overlooking the Jordan valley. Its site is marked by a wall surrounding the foundations of an unfinished Orthodox basilica begun in the 4th century. The ruins around are scattered fragments, including a finely carved Mosaic floor and a capital.

Here, in 67 B.C.E., the Roman general Pompey played out the tragic fate of the Hasmoneans, who were recorded in Josephus' "Jewish War" in 136 B.C.E. The Hasmoneans

The magnificent structures Herod the Great built at Masada and Herodion were merely improvements on a chain of fortress-palaces built by the Hasmonean line two centuries before. SYLVIA MANN guides us around the chain of fortified high places built by the Maccabees and their descendants.

and his two sons were stabbed to death by his son-in-law, Ptolemy. Simon had appointed his son-in-law governor of the wealthy district of Jericho, and when he came on a routine inspection tour of the various regions, Ptolemy entertained his distinguished guests at a banquet, where they were killed by his servants.

Whatever the reason, Herod apparently made no attempt to restore this particular citadel, and what is really remarkable is that, although no later hand touched it, there exists a complex method of water collection and storage. Knowing that they depended entirely on the winter rains, the Maccabees carved out conduits all around the hill. These led the rainwater into nine enormous cisterns visible until today. Captain Conder, in his 19th-century "Survey of Western Palestine," expressly stated that Docus had no aqueducts, but during the past few months they have been discovered and mapped by David Amit and a group of young enthusiasts from the Field School at Kfar Etzion.

ALEXANDRION, on Mount Sartaba, is named for Alexander Yanai, who built it over 2,000 years ago. It is the highest and northernmost of the Hasmonean strongholds guarding the Jordan Valley, its conical summit soaring more than 700 metres above the level of the Dead Sea. Here it was that Yanai's son, Aristobulus, tried to make a counter-attack on Pompey's troops in 63

B.C.E. However, when he saw Pompey's glittering legions approaching, Aristobulus decided to make a treaty with him instead. Some six years later, Aristobulus' son, Alexander, again defied the Romans from Alexandrion, but was obliged to surrender.

Grandly rebuilt by Herod, who added living quarters for his courtiers, servants and soldiers, it was used by him to imprison Mariamne and her mother (one of Yanai's granddaughters). Later, Alexandrion became the tomb in-law, but of his two fine sons by Mariamne, strangled in the marketplace of Samaria on their father's instructions.

On present-day Sartaba, you can see great Herodian blocks scattered everywhere, and if you look carefully you can pick out the water conduits and the 12 enormous reservoirs hollowed out of the rock. Masout, or Beason, a Nahal settlement at its foot, recalls the days of the Second Temple, when Sartaba was outstanding among the beacon hills. Continuing this tradition, the youngsters of Masout climb to the top of the mountain every Hanukka, and there kindle a symbolic flame. \* \* \*

THIS series of Maccabean bastions was almost certainly designed as a single unit. Masada; Machaerus; Hyrcania; Threx; Taurus-Cypros; Docus and Alexandrion have much in common. All were built along an important strategic line; all are on mountain-tops with a steep glacis pro-

tecting the topmost peak; all were artificially supplied with water by means of aqueducts from springs or winter downpours; most were beacons.

From documentary evidence, it seems that the main ones in Hasmonean days were Hyrcania, Machaerus and Alexandrion. These are mentioned over and over again by Josephus in different contexts. One passage tells how Queen Alexandra Salome, widow of Alexander Yanai and ruler after his death, "committed the fortresses to them, all but Hyrcania, and Alexandrion, and Machaerus, where her principal treasures were." In another place he relates how Salome's grandson Alexander, having dug himself in at Alexandrion, was forced to give in to the Romans, and "delivered up the fortresses Hyrcania and Machaerus and at last, Alexandrion."

Herod restored and enlarged all but two of these defence posts — Threx and Docus — and, except for Cypros, he kept their original names. He also added two new fortresses: the Herodion near Bethlehem, which served as his country residence and eventually his mausoleum, and the smaller Herodion east of the Dead Sea, thought to have been on the site of the ruined tower of el-Hutbaisa, near Mount Nebo in Jordan.

Investigations into the water supply to these citadels in the vicinity of Jericho have recently been made by archaeologist Ze'ev

Mesheh together with the Kfar Etzion Field School and with the help of a group of volunteer youngsters from Inud Hakibbutzim settlements.

Among the results of the survey, which concentrated on the lower reaches of Wadi Kelt, was the fact that the aqueducts generally consisted of two conduits of different dates, running roughly parallel to each other. According to Mr. Mesheh, indications are that the Hasmoneans first constructed this water project and that Herod shortened and improved it by bridging the wadis and boring through the hills.

Ein Kelt itself irrigated Jericho's fields and orchards, but a particularly interesting study was made of the aqueducts to Cypros. Brought from the upper spring, Ein Fawwah, the water channel reached the cliff above Ein Kelt and fell in a cascade to the Maccabean conduit, which wound through the hills for 14 km. although Cypros was barely 7 km. away.

This new survey, which in this area has been more thorough than that of Kitchener and Conder a century ago, confirmed that later rebuilding considerably shortened the distance covered by the conduits. By leading them over nine bridges (four still exist) and through five tunnels, of which three can still be seen, Herod brought water more efficiently to his special fortress of Cypros, now proved to stand on Hasmonean remains.

هيكلا من الصخور

# Marketing with Martha



FOOD is the subject of a majority of the letters which reach this column — not surprisingly, since foodstuffs are our most frequent purchases. Except for the little Olivers — who simply shout "I want more!" — most of us are concerned about the quality of our grub — and the price.

I do not remember ever receiving more letters on a single theme than I did about Elite's decision to package their "rice crispies" in a fancy cardboard box instead of a simple polyethylene bag. The protest, of course, was over the price rise.

The unit price exactly doubled — from 73 agorot per 100 grams of rice crispies, to 146 per 100 grams. In the old form, the product, called "Frichlyy Orez," was packed in 450-gram quantity in a clear polyethylene bag, with almost no labelling. This sold for 11.30 at most supermarkets, when it was available.

It was decided to go over to a 170-gram size cardboard box, which Elite points out — "is the standard packaging all over the world," and which "facilitates long preservation of the flavour and crispness of the product." At the same time, the product itself was "improved" by its technologists, Elite claims. "It is obvious that the price of the product was directly influenced by the improvement in packaging and improvement in the quality of the product."

The letter concludes with the statement that, for the time being, Elite will continue some marketing in the old-style package, although "we are of the opinion that it will not be possible to market over a long-term range the rice crispies in the former packaging."

we are paying the difference for the box alone.

I did my own taste test with the "new" and "old" Elite rice crispies, and found no discernible difference in the cereal itself. Elite's, in my opinion, is not an exact copy of Kellogg's Rice Krispies, but it is an acceptable locally-made breakfast cereal and a lot of people were apparently enjoying it, especially at its former low price.

Not that it was a giveaway at that price either. In the old package at 73 agorot per 100 grams, the Elite cereal was still a cut in price above Eshkol Pop Wheat, at 45 agorot per 100 grams. The local puffed wheat, whether Eshkol or Shifa-On brand, is packaged solely in polyethylene bags, with no apparent bad effects on freshness or flavour. Perhaps a polyethylene bag of 450-gram proportions is not the answer.

Perhaps a smaller bag would be better, or a different kind of bag. But must it be a cardboard box, elaborately printed, and obviously a major cost factor in a country where paper products are not cheap to make? Then, too, there is the ecological argument about disposing of all these bulky cardboard boxes. Must we create excess waste from a wrapper which nobody really needed in the first place?

Box for export

Elite certainly cannot argue that the cardboard box is needed for export reasons. I sincerely doubt that foreign countries are going to buy Israeli rice crispies, when Kellogg's are famous the world over. This argument of "we need a box because we want to export" may hold some truth with the new line of breakfast cereals produced by Shifa of Arad, which hopes to export its unusual soy-based cereals (Bran Krunch, Korn Krunch, Malt Krunch). But not for Elite rice crispies, which are aimed at the local market. Admittedly, the Elite product, at 11.30 per 170-gram box, is cheaper than the imported Kellogg's Rice Krispies, about 14.45 a box of the same size.

Just after the recent Elite strike ended, the firm came out with a very similar rice crispy type breakfast cereal in a multicoloured cardboard box, which contains 170 grams and sells for 11.25. The new product, basically the same as the old with a new name, "Pitzputzel Orez," costs twice as much.

Why? One of my readers wrote to Elite directly, and got an answer — it not a very satisfying one — with a copy sent to me. Elite wrote that the original 450-gram bag had been a "trial" operation to see how the product would be received by the market. The company found the packaging less than ideal for the product "both in terms of quantity and in terms of quality for preserving the product."

Indeed, I have found the public protest over Elite's new boxes an encouraging commentary on the Israeli consumer. Our public is not, it seems, eagerly awaiting the latest in sophisticated packaging. Especially not when it is so obvious

When they are brought to court on cases of contaminated foods, Mr. Mor says, the packing houses argue that (1) in our climate, they cannot prevent packaging insects along with the food; and (2) if they could keep out the bugs and worms, they couldn't keep out their eggs, which would develop subsequently. The packing houses argue that worms and insects are a known accessory to cereal products, and the only answer is to sift and sort them at home.

The Health Ministry does not agree — and, when cases are brought to its attention by the public, it takes the packing houses to court. There are ways to see that insects and their larvae are destroyed at source. A flour mill, for instance, can use an entoleter to destroy the larvae. The entoleter is a device which sucks out foreign bodies. (Osem does this with its flour for pasta-making and for its packaged cake flours.) A lot can be done even without new sophisticated equipment — just by proper cleanliness in the packing houses, Mr. Mor says. Still, "the packing houses haven't advanced technologically along with the other industries in Israel," he accuses.

What can the consumer do to help? He can expect packaged products to be clean — and if they are not, he can complain to the nearest Regional Health Bureau or consumer organization.

## Housewives!

Reductions in Ktzidag and Bakala during December



# PROBATION OFFICERS ARE BORN

By Lea Levavi  
Jerusalem Post Reporter

WHEN Batya Caspy began working as a probation officer 21 years ago, she recommended punishment for every delinquent she interviewed. Today — as Director of the Tel Aviv District, Ministry of Welfare Adult Probation Service — she and her probation officers recommend probation for only about 30%.

"Over the years, I learned that, like doctors, we can't cure everyone." This is one of the major arguments between the Probation Service and its critics, many of whom claim that probation officers demand "motivation" from delinquents and that those who do not display it are labeled "lost cases." Since the probation officer's diagnosis guides the judge in sentencing, this is no cootery debate.

"I'm willing to agree that many delinquents who claim not to want our help — and who claim to want to continue breaking the law — really do want help. An experienced probation officer knows how to detect this and work with it. But if we feel — during the month or so we have for diagnosis — that we can't help this person, our job is to say so and to tell the judge what kind of punishment we would suggest."

TEL AVIV. —

But what is the diagnosis or treatment process? How does the delinquent — who considers the probation officer more a punishment than a help — become willing to be treated? Mrs. Caspy gave an example the young woman who had been leaving her office as I came in. She had beaten and mistreated one of her stepchildren from her husband's previous marriage. Before her trial, she had asked that the case against her be closed and it was decided to obtain a diagnosis from the Probation Service.

client's permission.

"When a client says he can't come here because he works, it may be just an excuse not to come. We try to figure out what the problem is. In those cases where he really cannot come during regular hours, we work twice a week in the afternoons. Sometimes the problem is that he doesn't want to come here because of the stigma. At the beginning of treatment, at least, we are willing to meet him anywhere he likes."

Unlike the situation with most "helping institutions," the condition here is that the client must go to his probation officer whether or not he wants the help. But what happens if a client simply doesn't come? Sometimes the probation officer visits his home and tries to find out where he is. At other times, knowing he has no choice, he eventually shows up.

The day before our talk, for instance, a middle-aged man convicted of molesting a 12 year-old girl had failed to keep his appointment. "The worker, who is a very experienced probation officer, came to me and said she thinks she is to blame. She had suggested that he go to a doctor, and apparently she had raised this touchy subject too soon. I told her I was sure he would come in that day on his own — and he did. He just couldn't bring himself to come at the appointed time but later, when he thought about it, he realized he had to come."

"As in all of these low-salaried professions, there are too few men. But I think that if a worker is good, it doesn't matter if he is a man or a woman."

About 600 people are on probation in Mrs. Caspy's district. In addition to them, the 30 probation officers have to handle investigations required to make diagnoses.

Originally, it was thought that a probation officer should handle either five investigations or 35 probation clients. But because of the manpower shortage this is only theory. "The inexperienced worker isn't given more than this optimum caseload, but the experienced worker can handle 40 probation clients plus five investigations a month — or maybe even more. We never neglect anyone because of limited manpower. At worst, we will work less frequently with those who don't need intensive help."

## Intake interviewer

"On the one hand, she wants to come here because she knows we may be able to help her get the case dismissed. On the other hand, she came, a half hour late — which shows she was probably tense about having to come here. Yes, she could have come late for other reasons, but when I saw her talking to the secretary I could tell she was tense. The "intake interviewer" who was supposed to see her was already busy with someone else, so I decided instead of having her wait, to see her myself."

At a later stage in the probation process, she explained, a tardy client is sometimes made to wait to teach him punctuality. But the worker, she stressed, has to decide what the best move is at a particular time — and this time the best move was to see her immediately.

When the woman sat down in Mrs. Caspy's room, Mrs. Caspy explained to her why she had been asked to come. After this talk, she was told, she would be assigned to a probation officer who would work with her and would eventually state an opinion on whether or not her request should be granted. The woman handed Mrs. Caspy a copy of her request.

"Tell me," Mrs. Caspy asked her, "do you think I'll learn more by reading this or by hearing you tell me about it?" After hesitating, the woman agreed to tell her story. "I'm married to my husband three years. When we were planning to get married, he told me his former wife was a prostitute and was aggressive and that I shouldn't ever let her into the house if she comes after we're married." She said she later discovered that the former wife was a perfectly respectable woman and that she had suffered a great deal with her husband.

## Helping professions

Unlike many practitioners of "the helping professions" — who find it hard to describe their work to laymen in anything but general and jargon-filled terms — Mrs. Caspy was more than willing to be specific. "First of all, the people we see are boys over 16 and girls over 18, in other words, adults under the law. Younger delinquents go to the Youth Probation Service, where a probation officer starts working with the girl or boy as soon as the police start a file on him.

"The adult probation officer is called in only after the person has been found guilty. The probation officer then makes a diagnosis which the judge uses in sentencing. If the diagnosis calls for probation, and the judge takes our advice, the delinquent is required to come here



Youthful version of the pants suit— striped tunic over front-seamed trousers. Colours are green, brown and rust white.

# NEW FACES FOR AUTUMN

By Catherine Rosenheimer  
Jerusalem Post Reporter

EXISTENCE is the name of what Helena Rubinstein describes as a completely revolutionary type of face cream. They claim to have initiated a new conception of beauty products, mastered for the first time in the history of cosmetology.

One of the more surprising pieces of information about this new product is that it is said to be suitable for all women and all skin types... greasy or dry skins alike. Isn't that against all the principles of cosmetology? We queried. In this case no, answered HR's beauty experts.

In layman's language, the basic role of the skin is to protect the individual against various natural elements in the environment — heat, cold, sun, harmful chemical effluxes. A young and healthy skin can cope with these demands; an older more fatigued one suffers from less activity in its cells, its energy potential weakens.

Leaving aside complex scientific explanations, devoting herself to day-to-day practicalities, Elisheva, HR's chief beauty consultant, explains: "This is a nourishing cream, an addition to and not a replacement for moisturizers or special creams for delicate areas around eyes or neck; it contains fat, protein and sugar, Vitamins A, B and E; the sugar, the special ingredient which stimulates energy and strength, is not to be found in any other cream." We tried "Existence" — it is pleasantly light-textured, does leave the skin with a smooth, velvety feeling. The price? Less pleasant: IL\$4.50 for one oz. jar, said to be enough for three months.

TAYA'S Dermapon soapless soap has been produced and sold very successfully, both here and abroad, for many years now. A good soap product in its own right for regular use, it is particularly good for babies where it has the added advantage of serving as a shampoo too, and one which doesn't sting the eyes at all.

So why bring out a "daughter of Dermapon"... as the company has just done, in the form of "Miss Dermapon"? Managing Director Meshulam Glisger explained to the press last week: "The new product is a specially developed and improved form of Dermapon for complexion care: we recommend it for anyone of any age, and particularly for teenagers with problematic skins and 'awkward age' pimples."

Principal advantages of "Miss Dermapon" over regular soaps are claimed to be a far lower acidity content and special ingredients which prevent it from leaving the skin dry. The following points were stressed: After performing a cleansing function, Miss Dermapon leaves a thin film of grease on the skin, preventing it from drying, hardening and wrinkling. It contains added vegetable ingredients to soothe the skin, stimulate circulation, as well as vitamins which, in combination, have a beneficial effect on the skin.

Black, white, chrome and the well known Quant daisy head form the company's basic "image": working within this theme, designer Gila Shalokin has exercised a great degree of originality, moreover worked with entirely locally-made furnishings for the made-in-Israel Quant look.

The most striking feature is a large picture window entirely curtained from one wall to the other in jointed up widths of any and every design... as long as it is black and white; pinstripes, gingham of various scales, mattress ticking, polka dots, smaller and larger flowerhead patterns, daisy head prints—the combined effect is surprising and great.

The opening of the new centre marks the completion of the first year of operation of the Mary Quant licence by Shemen.

The purpose of the new Beauty Centre is twofold: three times a

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Fur and suede battledress (left) in dark brown is actually a frank — but authentic-looking — Glen-Or fake, combining suede-like fabric with long-haired Glen-Or Acrlan fur pile. Short-sleeved zip-through jacket (centre) in shocking pink poodle texture Acrlan fur is trimmed in shiny, gingham checked "plastic" in red, blue and yellow. Dolman-sleeved

blazer jacket (right) from Glen-Or comes in brilliant emerald green combination of sealskin type Acrlan fleece and skat trims at cuffs and waistband. Zipper is scarlet, lining in red and green. This new collection gets full marks for original high fashion. (Ben Lamm photo)

By Catherine Rosenheimer  
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

ONCE upon a time there were two companies competing with similar lines of smart coats and jackets combining fun fur with leather. Now there is only one. Glen-Or is the brand name for bright new fashions now being produced as a result of a merger between the two companies concerned: Glennot and Bege Or, who are now pooling their resources and know-how where this particular ready-to-wear field is concerned.

Glennot produces all the Acrlan piles, Bege Or are contributing their know-how in fashion design and production and the two are now equal partners in the Bnei Brak factory where the new collection is being produced.

The Winter '72-73 line was launched last week — both for the home and export markets — at Glennot's headquarters in Caesarea. They include coats, many versions of jackets and quite a few best described as outdoor cardigans: short-

sleeved button-through styles for wearing over sweaters or shirts. For anyone fond of the battle-dress and jeans look, there was plenty of variety: blue leather with red fleeces front and back, brown poodle fur with shiny red collar, cuffs and trims and red zipper, and on and on. Many of the battle-dresses come with matching pants, either in real leather or suede with jeans or Oxford bags cut, or in synthetic but good looking leathers and suede where jackets are trimmed in the same materials.

Regular length coats come in combinations of dark brown shaggy pile with dark brown leather stud fastenings and matching tie belt, or in off-white polar bear look fur similarly trimmed: sometimes the collar, front section and lower part of the sleeve is in leather, sometimes the entire side panels are in leather with the remainder in Acrlan fleeces; the latter is far more flattering, giving a much slimmer line to the hips.

Newest in the synthetic fleeces are ones with a medium height pile, shoulder sections which add a good brilliantly striped. For example: fur many inches in width to the should-

ers, and at the same time camouflage the waist and hips in extra layers of fleeces. "We are already including more curly look, poodle type furs in the collection, modifying the look somewhat... and when fashion changes completely... so will the range of rainbow colour synthetic piles: so many permutations which can be produced by Glennot's existing machinery."

# Fashion industry's furry new baby

# School show has professional touch

By Nina Horst  
Special to The Jerusalem Post

KNITWEAR is one of the most successful branches of Israel's export fashion industry. Its continued success, however, as stressed by numerous committees and economic advisors, is dependent on training a new generation of skilled workers. And this is exactly what the Mizrahi Women's Organization of America is doing with its Belt Tzivot Mizrahi here in Israel. The Jerusalem vocational high schools for girls from disadvantaged backgrounds are trained in a number of trades. One of the most successful is in knitwear.

Last Thursday, the first night of Hanukka, the school held a fashion show at the Moriah Hotel to prove the point. Manufacturers and boutique owners were invited along with relatives and members of the Mizrahi Women's Organization to view a highly competent and absolutely professional range of fashion — quite an achievement for youngsters in classes Tet to Yud-bet.

While everything shown had been individually made, the look was first-class finish, whether regular knit, woven, crochet or embroidery affect. What the school is doing, in effect, is training the new generation of skilled workers so desperately needed by industry — but on a high level of skill that involves a thorough knowledge of every stage of production. Much of the credit for the fully professional standards reached goes to Matilda Adler, head of the fashion and knitwear department, herself a graduate of the school some 20 years ago.

Girls snapped up  
One purpose of the fashion show was to introduce the professional public to the standards of the school, assuring its graduates immediate placement in industry — in fact, the girls are snapped up directly on graduation, and no wonder.

Girls snapped up  
Fancy suits, in particular, were superb. It was all you could do not to rush in offering to buy every pants suit in sight. They came for evening, with Yeminite-style embroidery (knitted in of course) for emphasis, or for the oh-so-casual look.

Younger set too  
Least you think that only adult fave was presented there was also a number of perfectly-made little outfits for children, both boys and girls, following the pants suit and jacket themes of the more adult fashions.

All the wool used by the school for the show was Acrlan wool from Zemer. Hahassida, one of Israel's oldest and most popular producers of knitting wools. Acrlan was further used to good advantage in fur trims for some of the fancier suits and evening dresses, used lightly and placed perfectly to special advantage on the hem and cuffs of a crochet-like wedding dress.

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BAUER WARSHAVSKY

SEEING that my daughter is so very delighted with her elegant white fur bed-cover I suggest that that it would be a nice idea if she were to write and thank the donor. Not, I assure her, that this particular benefactor has even hinted that such acknowledgment is expected, nor, she may be certain, do any future benefits from this source depend on an outward show of gratefulness, but everyone — even the most indulgent of aunts — likes to feel that her efforts are appreciated.

Hannah agrees with great enthusiasm and proposes to telephone immediately to Manchester so that she could more directly express her fondness. It is so much more a warmer way of making contact than a mere piece of paper. She could say then how much she likes her rug, what fun she has with it and how it is the envy of all her friends.

I am obliged to veto this idea, powerful though its appeal is, as the memory of the last telephone bill restricts even my local calls to the minimum. In order not to put my objection on the sordid level of its financial aspect, she must realize, I tell her, that a sudden phone call from Nahariya will assuredly alarm our doting relative, which would be a poor way to return her kindness.

Typewriter

Well then, she thinks the best thing would be if I write and say everything. It is easier for me, she maintains, as I have a typewriter and I'll be writing anyway. This I point out gently, I have already done. I did it the day after her present arrived, as an act of common courtesy, and I naturally associated her name with the appropriate sentiments, and she can use my typewriter any time she feels the urge to express herself in type-script, but the time has come, I feel strongly, for a more personal correspondence.

Thus cornered and provided with a pen, paper and a corner of the desk she acquiesces out a note, which, she indicates, contains all the essentials. "Dear Auntie Dora, Thank you for the present. Love Hannah." Well, she says, correctly interpreting my look, she said thank you and also sent her love — what else is there to write?

I proffer several suggestions, such as a description of how she gets dressed under it bow that the mornings have turned cold, or how she rolls herself in it to fight with the dog who is deceived into thinking he has caught a woolly rhinoceros, or how useful it is for dressing up, presenting a truly regal appearance of a royal cloak.

Slightly more

A slightly more elaborate mistake, I mention, would also remove any impression that she is writing at gun point. Just think, I urge, if she doesn't practice a little, how difficult it will be to write two hundred and forty-seven thank-you notes for wedding presents as her sister and sister-in-law had to, all different, even when they involve thirteen coffee services, five of them identical. Gloomily, she says that she knows. It is the only factor that inhibits her from early marriage.

After a great deal of agonized thought and extraordinary acrobatics which contort her into postures in which writing or any other normal activity seem impossible, but which she insists are a vital adjunct to thought, she produces her final communication.

Dear auntie... Jerusalem's newest park

"Dear Auntie Dora, I love the present. Sambo loves it too. Love to Uncle Joe, Love Hannah." The page, forestalling any comments about length, is filled with naughts and crosses, denoting devotion. As

there still seems to be something lacking in quantity if not in clarity she adds a P.S.: "Mummy sends her love." This should hold together the threads of family affection at least till next Hanukka.

Jerusalem Post Reporter  
A 12-DUNAM rubbish-filled lot in the Katamon Vav quarter is being converted into a park and playground complex which will include innovative play equipment. The project was made possible by the donation of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ratner of New York, through the Jerusalem Foundation. The Foundation has enabled the construction of 55 parks and playgrounds in the city in the past five years, 11 of them in the Katamonim.



...and now Osem biscuits



Osem's new family of crackers and cracker-snacks to grace any party — cocktail or otherwise. Delicious with a stiff drink and an absolute delight for television addicts. Try making little sandwiches or using them for tasty dips. From Osem, a rich selection of crackers and cracker snacks.

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Yossi Graber, Itzhak Hiskiyah, Yehuda Fuchs and Reuven Bar-Yotam in scene from "Championship Season."

THE TARNISHED CUP

THEATRE  
Mendel Kohansky

THE subject is familiar: a group of people who have lived a life are thrown into a situation in which the illusions are stripped away one by one, until the truth lies bare in all its ugliness. Unable to stand the sight, they quickly cover it up with the old lie, but their lives will never be the same again.

As an American play, "That Championship Season" deals with other familiar subjects: the essential immaturity of the American male, which expresses itself in an adolescent cult of sport as an ersatz masculinity; small-town political corruption; the undercurrent of anti-Semitism and hatred of all "ethnics" under a facade of national unity.

In the centre of the action is the Boss, the retired basketball coach who reached the pinnacle of his career 20 years ago, when the Fillmore High School basketball team which he coached won the cup. The trophy, an atro-

exist in our dictionary," he says with the conviction of a phrase-maker. His hero is Theodore Roosevelt, the roughrider who "took away Cuba from the stinking Spaniard," the apostle of real Americanism; another of his heroes is Senator Joseph McCarthy, the courageous American fighter against Communism who was destroyed by other Americans, which shows that the U.S. is no longer what it used to be.

Successful boys

The Boss's only consolation is his boys, as fine a bunch of fellows as ever tossed a ball around, who covered themselves with glory on the playing fields of Fillmore, and are now successful men in their prime, working together as a team, like they did in the good old high-school days. George is the mayor of the town; James is the mayor's grammar school; Phil is a prosperous businessman and the mayor's chief financial backer; Tom, James' younger brother, is vaguely a journalist.

This year's reunion is of special significance. Elections are in the offing, and George is threatened by an up and coming, charismatic, young politician running on a reform programme. As the old team get together and start boozing (straight, whisky with a beer chaser) for old times' sake, the Boss is happily anticipating the fight his boys will put up against the upstart who

not only is a Jew (he calls himself Sherman) but was born Sherman) but has a cousin who is a Communist.

As the drinking goes on — the amount of liquor they consume while remaining on their feet is obviously a tribute to their extensive experience in the field — chinks begin to show in the team's armour. It seems that George's chances of re-election are slim, the challenger having exposed the incompetence and corruption of his administration. Phil, who is revealed as an unscrupulous wheeler-dealer thriving on George's corruption and weakness, knows on which side his bread is buttered, and is ready to jump on Sherman's bandwagon. James, a total failure in every aspect of life, tries to betray his protector but is too ineffectual even for that.

Only one sees

As for Tom, he is an alcoholic living off his brother, and is also the only one to see clearly through all the surrounding sham. His mind gets clearer, the drunker he gets, and his verbal barbs hit their targets with progressively greater accuracy. He is the catalyst who causes the others to reveal themselves and each other in their full squalor. His relentless roading brings his brother to blurt out that Phil, a notorious woman chaser, is sleeping with George's wife, to which information George reacts in true-blue American tradition by aiming a hunting rifle at the home-breaker, but is too weak to pull the trigger. In the end he accepts the theory that his wife has done it to get Phil to finance his campaign, and talks himself into being proud of having such a devoted spouse.

It is also Tom who exposes the ultimate lie: the trophy on which their lives are centred — at one hilarious moment, outraged by the revelation of his wife's infidelity, George vomits into the sacred vessel was gained as a result of foul play. The Boss had taught Martin how, surreptitiously, to break a few bones in the body of his opposite number, a black man. That is how the game was won and that is why Martin, trying all these years to live down his foul deed, has never shown up at the reunions.

The situation having reached the state of total shambles, with everyone pitted against everyone else, everyone accusing everyone else of the dirtiest actions, the Boss steps in to restore order. Exorcising his authority, he takes the boys out one by one for a private talk, and everything gets settled.

Agreement reached

Phil, who has in the meantime called the challenging candidate to offer his support ("You know, I help you, you help me") and been roundly rejected, agrees to finance George's forthcoming campaign; George agrees to forget that Phil has seduced his wife, especially since Phil is no longer interested in the woman ("a block of ice"); James, who has dumped his campaign manager in favour of a public relations agency, threatens to revolt and fall all to the public, but eventually agrees to stay in the fold because he has no place else to go; Tom is too drunk to care. And the Boss, happy again, takes the annual snapshot of his boys clustered around the trophy (which James true to his role in life has cleaned of George's vomit) and, as the curtain falls, we see them all happily singing the old school song.

THOUGH it reveals no depth, and blazes no trails, "That Championship Season" is an exceedingly well-written play. All through the show, I sat intensely interested in the proceedings and in the characters — something that hasn't happened to me in months. The characters are clearly and boldly drawn, and though not one of them is capable of command-

ing even the tiniest amount of in great measure to Ehud Ma- the audience's respect or affection, nor's fine translation. Yehuda Fuchs, in the central part of the Boss, is clearly mis-cast, and though he does his competent best, he is not convincing as an authoritative figure, even as the rham strong man he is meant to be. Reuven Bar-Yotam, Itzhak Hiskiyah, and Yossi Graber look and do almost everything right as, respectively, George, Phil and James; and more eminently suitable, intensity. Shlomo Vishinsky steals scene after scene with his understated, mostly silent, performance as the drunken Tom.

Intense direction

Hy Kalus has directed the play with his customary, and more eminently suitable, intensity. Each scene is a well-rounded unit: the pacing and the timing are faultless; the tension rises and falls to keep the audience in a constant state of expectation; the clever lines with which the play is strewn come across as with unflinching accuracy, thanks a whole and in every little detail.

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